

HIT+MONKEY™

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INTRODUCING THE
**WORLD'S
GREATEST
ASSASSIN**



HIT+MONKEY

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The legend, as it is told, begins with an *assassin*, his name since lost to the treacherous winds of history.



What is known is that he had been hired to take part in a bloody political coup -- a coup that, because of an act of treachery, had failed.



The assassin was marked for death.









For three days and three nights, the assassin made his way through the wilderness and into the mountains, where he hoped none would follow.

The wind and snow sapped his strength, as did his wounds.

As the sun fell on that fourth day...

...so did he.





He awakened to
find himself saved.



By monkeys.

The hot springs had chased away the frigid spectre of death.

Aaahk!
Kaaah!

And the herbal remedies offered him would heal his wounds.

Rrrreel!

For reasons we cannot know, these monkeys had allowed the assassin into their clan.

All save one.

Eeeekkh!

Perhaps this one somehow knew that not all of the blood on this stranger's hands was *his own*...

Rraaak!

...or, perhaps, that there would be *more blood to come*.



But the other monkeys of the clan *ignored* the lone dissenter, and continued to offer the assassin their aid. His *warnings...*

chaadnaahke!

...went unheeded.



The assassin's wounds healed slowly, but he was in no hurry to leave the hot springs.

He knew that the winter must pass before he could continue his flight -- to attempt a mountain crossing during this season was sure death.



Daily, the assassin ventured out from the springs, searching for signs of pursuit.



For he knew all too well the lengths men would go to for money...



...and how quickly they would *kill* for it.



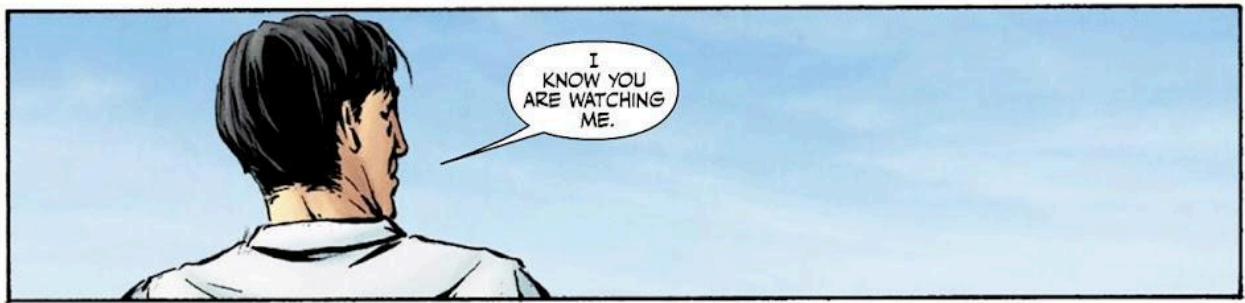
So he trained for the day they would come.



His ammunition supplies limited, he instead focused on the *old* ways of killing.



The *secret* ways.





The assassin, exhausted from his training, then returned to the hot springs, leaving the lone monkey behind.



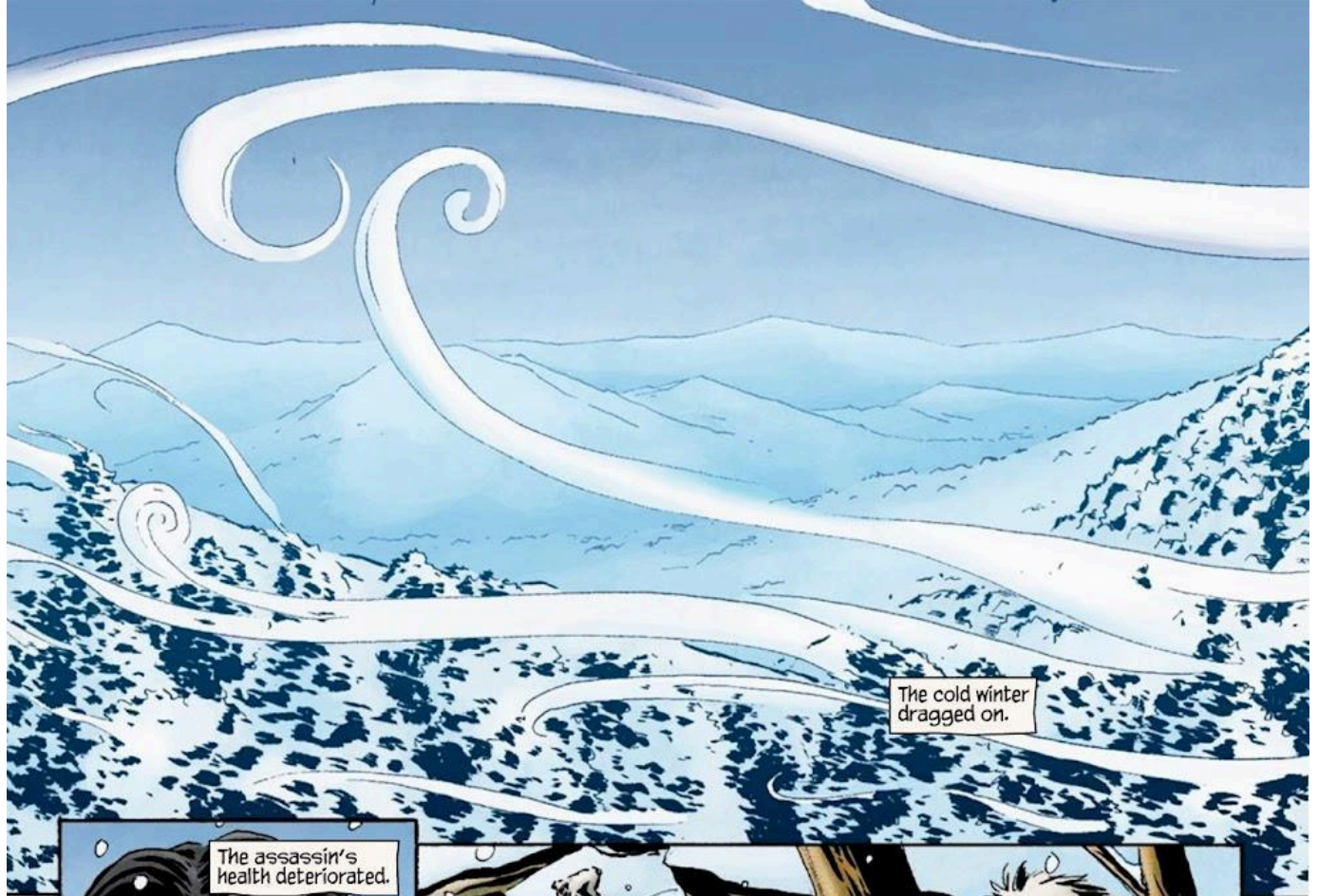
His words had no effect on the monkey, for they were in a language he could not understand.



But what the assassin had shown him...



...would change everything.



The cold winter dragged on.



The assassin's health deteriorated.



The monkey tribe, having accepted the assassin as one of their own, did all they could to help him.



All save one.

skreeeee!



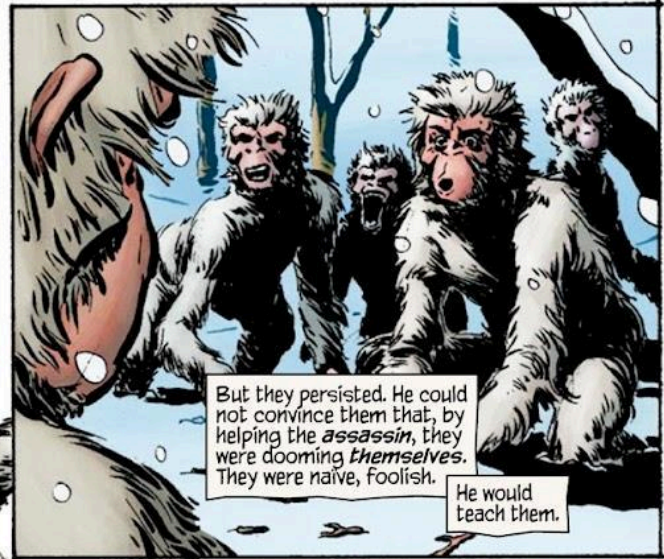
It was the young male who had previously shown distrust of the assassin. He took the healing herbs from his fellow monkeys...



...refusing to give them back.



Contrary to what the others of his tribe wanted, he wanted the assassin to die.



But they persisted. He could not convince them that, by helping the *assassin*, they were dooming *themselves*. They were naive, foolish.

He would teach them.



He would *show* them.





Akh...



For days, the young male
wandered the mountain.

Cold.

Starving.

Alone.

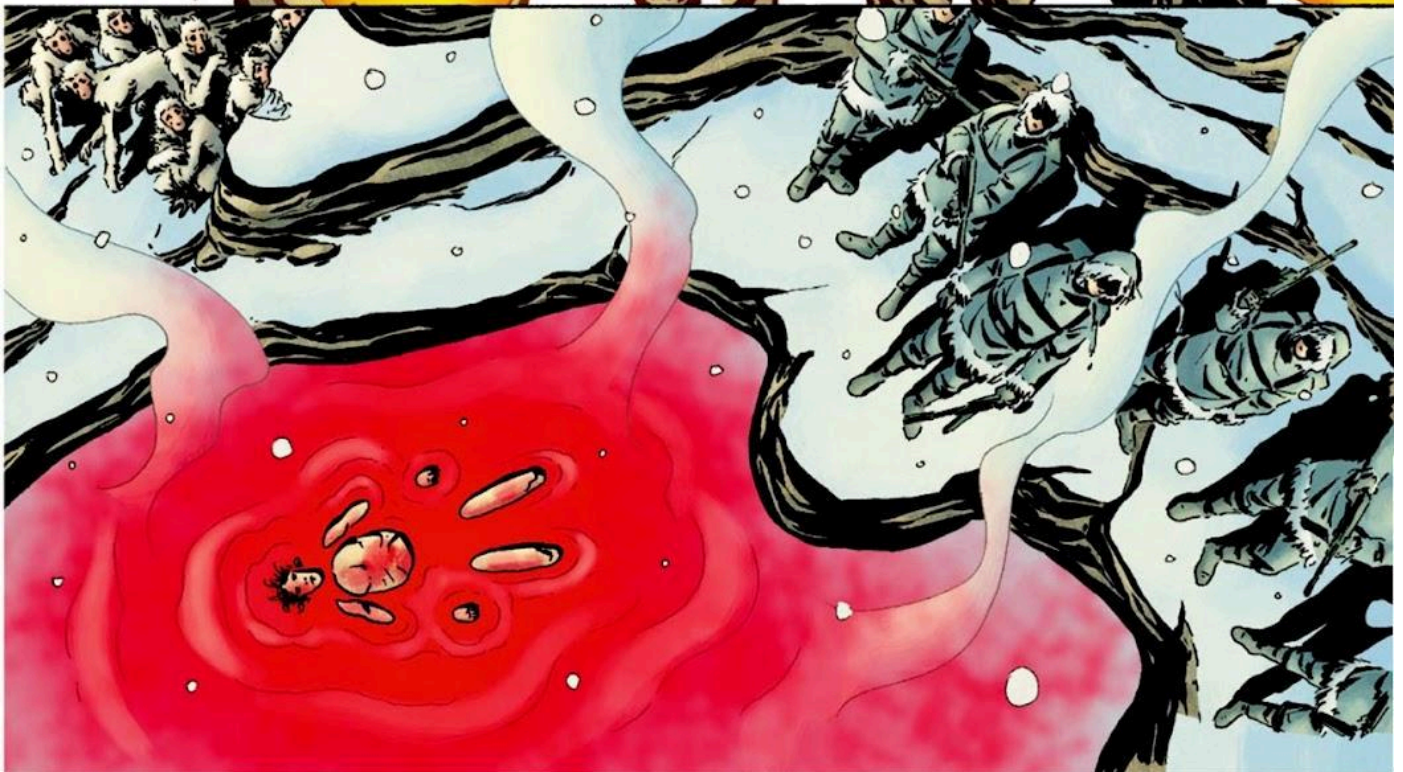
Then, he
saw them.

Others.

Assassins.

He had
to warn
his tribe.







BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA









The home he had so longed to return to was gone. His tribe was gone. All that was left...



...was to
avenge them.





And thus,
the legend
was born.

A killer of killers,
forever to be known...

...as
Hit-Monkey.

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